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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair weather; northerly winds, becoming variable.

THE
HAWAIIAN
OUTLOOK

It is asserted that before agreeing to arbitration with Hawaii, Japan will insist upon an American guaranty of Hawaii's fulfillment of the award of the tribunal. On its face there appears to be nothing objectionable about that. If the conditions of the arbitration be properly guarded—that is, if it be thoroughly understood that any liability to which Hawaii may be held to be subject shall be confined to pecuniary damages, and shall not involve any interference with the national policy of the United States in the matters of immigration and citizenship—we can see no reason why this country should not give the guaranty desired. We wish every just claim of Japan to be satisfied, and if Hawaii is to become a part of the United States in a few months, it is only fair that we should make her pledge our own.

On its part the Hawaiian Government is steadily clearing the way for annexation. It has practically suspended Chinese immigration, by refusing to issue any more six months residence permits to Chinese, or to execute bonds for contract laborers. An effort is to be made to substitute negro labor from the South for Chinese and Japanese coolies on the sugar, rice, coffee and cotton plantations. There is no reason why this effort should not succeed. The negro is the best cotton picker in the world, he furnishes most of the labor that produces the world's cane sugar crops, and he is at home in the rice fields and coffee plantations of America. He would thrive in the Hawaiian climate. He is a loyal American citizen, and if he colonized the islands, forty thousand strong, there would be no more trouble from Asia.

The Chinese and Japanese population of Hawaii, large and troublesome as it is now, is a temporary one, without roots in the country. When there are no more opportunities for the Asiatics to make money they will go home. By displacing them as promptly as possible the men who control the Hawaiian industries will hasten the transformation of their country into an American colony.

THE NEW ERA
IN
EDUCATION.

By all means let us be logical. The Mail and Express, defending the action of the corporation of Brown "University" in the Andrews case, very properly says that all of the twenty-four professors who protested against that action, although personally untainted with the silver heresy, ought to be expelled along with the President. Now comes a correspondent of the Sun, and shows that Seth Low, notwithstanding his individual orthodoxy on the financial question, is guilty of encouraging "Bryanism" by embarrassing the Republican municipal campaign, and therefore ought to be expelled to step down and out of the Presidency of Columbia University. Indubitably the point is well taken. If our colleges adopt the rule, "Put none but Republicans on guard," it is manifest that they must have some test of Republicanism that will exclude those who are not amenable to party discipline. Probably the best rule in New York would be to invite Mr. Quigg, at frequent intervals, to "purge" the pay-rolls of our educational institutions under the supervision of Platt.

CHAIN GANGS
IN
THE PARKS.

It is unfortunate that the Park Commissioners of Brooklyn have not the money necessary to complete the work planned for beautifying the parks of that city, which are already among the most beautiful in the world. Likewise it is deplorable that, under a mistaken conception of the law, the Commissioners of Charities and Correction are unable to find any work to occupy the minds and muscles of the inmates of the Kings County Jail.

But neither condition justifies the employment of striped convicts under armed guards on park work. The reported agreement of the Park Commissioners and the Commissioners of Charities and Correction to that end is one which should be quickly nullified. Chain gangs are neither a pleasant nor a civilizing adjunct to a park. The public employment of convicts, in all the appanages of penitentiary service, is invariably degrading. It is an indication of a low state of public refinement and an affront to the better sentiment of the community.

Kings County would better keep its convicts away from the public eye even if several miles of bicycle tracks in Prospect Park remain unbuilt or several hundred jailbirds suffer from ennui.

THE
SULTAN'S
REPUTATION.

The Sultan of Turkey has just had the advantage of an appraisal of the value of his character at the expert hands of a French tribunal. Aggrieved by the criticisms of a Parisian paper controlled by the Young Turkey party, he had his embassy institute proceedings against the editors under the French law forbidding insults to foreign rulers. The witnesses for the defendants denounced the Sultan as a coward, an assassin and a corruptionist; the audience broke into applause, which the court made no effort to restrain; the Public Prosecutor treated the defendants with distinguished consideration; the counsel for the defence devoted a speech two hours long to an elaboration of the depravities of the Sultan, and finally the Judge announced that while the accused were guilty, the universal reprobation and indignation excited by the Armenian massacres sufficed to explain their conduct. Hence, instead of the sentence of a year's imprisonment and \$500 fine, which the law allowed to impose, he fined them three dollars and suspended payment of that until they should repeat their offence.

The audience cheered the decision and shouted: "Down with the Sultan!" It is to be hoped that Abdul Hamid feels that he has a satisfactory run for his money. At least he has earned what the people in the centre of European civilization think of him. There was a political boss in San Francisco who sued a newspaper for libel because it had him of stealing a fire engine. On the trial he plausibly evidence that he had not stolen a fire at least not that particular one, but the jury decided that while he might have overlooked that speculative character was so bad that nothing printed about him could possibly do it any damage. The Sultan occupies a similar position. By diligent application he has accumulated a reputation that any court in Christendom ought to consider libel-proof.

Perhaps some people may agree with the Sun that President McKinley may rightfully travel through Ohio making modest speeches in behalf of Mark Hanna from the rear platform of his car. Or, to put it more generously, they may justify his speaking in Ohio for the Republican ticket.

But suppose the President of the United States should take the stump—that is what it amounts to—in Pennsylvania for "Matt" Quay. Would that be regarded as a proper utilization of the Presidential influence? Or suppose he should discern danger to the political prestige of his supporter and friend, Thomas Collier Platt, in the pending Greater New York election. Would the President of the United States be justified in making modest speeches from a street car platform here in behalf of Mr. Platt?

So many defenders of the national honor, like Hanna, Quay and Platt, are now striving for indorsement that the wise course for the President seems to be to espouse the cause of none unless he is willing to take up the fight of all.

THE
POLICE
BOARD.

Perhaps some of our contemporaries are a little premature in ascribing to the Board of Police Commissioners a determination to enforce harmony with a club. It is inconceivable that men of the mental calibre essential to place as the city's chief police authorities should subordinate reason and right wholly to personal pique or partisan purposes.

It is asserted that three members of the Board will act as a unit in opposition to Commissioner Parker. Certainly they ought to do so whenever Mr. Parker appears as a champion of an unrighteous cause. But curiously enough the defenders of the majority in the Board seem to defend all attacks upon Parker, right or wrong. If he be robbed of all influence or power in the Police Commission, they think, all will go well.

Mr. Parker is one of the oldest members of the Board. His knowledge of the affairs of the department is intimate and exact. He confuses his opponents by invariably having a law to cite in support of whatever position he takes. He has been viciously attacked, but it is to be noted that the attacks have always proceeded from partisan sources.

The personality of Parker is nothing to New York. Whatever his politics or his views, he can be rolled over remorselessly by the Police Commission without public protest if thereby the city is benefited. But to suppress Parker for partisan reasons won't do. And indeed, from what the Journal knows about Commissioner Smith, it won't be done.

TAXES
IN
TARRYTOWN.

When a local board of assessment infrequently determines to assess property at anything like its real value there results instant protest on the part of the property holders assessed. Usually they say they will move out of the county or State, or, like Mr. E. C. Benedict, a year ago, even threaten to leave the United States.

Mr. William Rockefeller has given the latest illustration of the patriotism of the plutocrat. It is not necessary to describe Mr. Rockefeller's earnest endeavors to make himself useful in the world. His name, to most people, conveys the idea of what he has done. It is enough to say that as a member of the Standard Oil ring he has a corner on the light of the world.

Mr. Rockefeller has an estate at Tarrytown. The township assessors have fixed its value for taxing purposes at \$2,533,805. The assessors say this is a proper valuation. Mr. Rockefeller says it is not. In proof of his assertion he—so it is alleged—is willing to sell the whole estate, including a \$150,000 mansion, for \$350,000. This deal accomplished, he is anxious to move away from an ungrateful community.

Perhaps neither Mr. Rockefeller nor the assessors understand that what he makes as a threat is in fact a promise of advantage to the town. Tarrytown is encircled with great estates. Their owners will not sell to cottagers, nor will they pay, without bitter protest, the fair penalty for holding eligible land out of use. If Mr. Rockefeller should sell out and go to Newport, there would be at least a fair chance that many of his acres might be cut up into small holdings, attracting settlers to Tarrytown and greatly increasing the revenues of the township. Indignant as he is at the assessment of his estate, Mr. Rockefeller would probably admit that if every half acre he now owns held a house the tract of land would probably pay three as much to the town treasury.

Tarrytown can dispense with its Rockefeller. Indeed it might profit by their departure.

BOGUS
DEGREE
FACTORIES.

Mr. Balfour informed the British House of Commons yesterday that the Government would consider the advisability of prosecuting, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, "the agents of the so-called National University of Chicago, for offering to confer degrees for \$5 each." This "Universitas Nationalis Illinoisensis," as it calls itself, is one of the most conspicuous catches in Labouchere's haul of bogus degree factories. Its case is particularly flagrant, because the name it has selected tends to confuse it in the confounding British mind with Mr. Rockefeller's highly respectable Standard Oil "University of Chicago." In fact there have been indications that Labouchere himself is not entirely clear as to the distinction between the two institutions. It is hardly necessary to say that the Standard Oil University does not give its degrees for \$5 apiece, or for anything else except the acquisition, by diligent training, of a set of unexceptionable opinions.

There are various other American institutions whose foreign traffic in degrees, as exposed by Truth, is on such a scale as to indicate that a good proportion of the population of the British Islands is engaged in attempting to impose on the rest by fraudulent certificates of learning. There are also British institutions, likewise exposed by the indefatigable Labouchere, which are engaged in the same business. Of course they will not be overlooked when the Government begins its prosecutions.

The Congressional Record is now engaged in publishing tariff speeches which Tom Reed suppressed while Congress was in session. The character of the speeches fully justifies the course of the Speaker.

The Chicago jury which decided that Banker Spaulding was an embezzler and not a borrower has gained for itself the everlasting contempt of those financiers who make themselves too familiar with money which belongs to other people.

Mayor Strong's selection of a new Police Commissioner makes it quite evident that he has no arrangement with Platt, Quigg & Co. for a re-nomination.

Americans in Europe should bring home elongated vocabularies with which to express their opinion of the Dingley law.

A Texas minister deserted the pulpit long enough to participate in a lynching. The crusade against lynching will not make much headway in that immediate vicinity.

It looks as if the position of Police Commissioner Parker has developed into a sinecure of vast proportions.

Notwithstanding all the reports to the contrary, they appear to have had a warm old time in Honolulu town on July 4.

The signature of Hon. Grover Cleveland on official documents has made a great many people happy. It is not at all strange that the patrons of Princeton Inn should rejoice.

It cannot be successfully denied that the head of the procession of prosperity is enjoying itself at Lake Champlain.

The Duchess
and the Actress.

EVER since it was reported here that Miss Ethel Barrymore was the only actress invited to the great Jubilee fancy dress ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire, that young lady has become an object of unusual interest in the eyes of American society.

The most of us had never heard of her before, or, if we had, we had forgotten it, for Miss Barrymore is a very young woman and has been on the stage but a short time.

Therefore, when it came to us that she had not only been then signally honored by the Duchess of Devonshire, but had been chaperoned by the Duchess of Manchester, and had numbered among her most ardent admirers the youthful Duke of Manchester, Anthony Hope, the novelist, and our own Richard Harding Davis, to say nothing of a score of lesser lights in society, art and letters, we began to ask who she was.

The first step in the inquiry disclosed the fact that she was the niece of John Drew, the only actor man of the present day that the fine world accepts without reservation as an associate at the Waldorf.

That was a great point in the young lady's favor. It was further accentuated when we learned that her father is that Maurice Barrymore whose handsome presence and compelling method of making love were wont to set the feminine hearts of the Four Hundred a-palpitating ten years ago.

To me, at least, the greatest point in Ethel Barrymore's favor is that she is the daughter of George Drew Barrymore, the cleverest woman and one of the most delightful actresses I have ever had the honor to know.

If this young girl has inherited but a tithe of her mother's brilliant wit it would not be surprising if all the callow dukes and clever litterateurs in England were at her feet.

As to the report that Dickie Davis is desperately in love with Miss Barrymore, I have my doubts.

Dickie has such an all-absorbing affection for himself that he could never find it in his heart to be unfaithful, even temporarily, to the object of his idolatry.

Moreover, it is Dickie's habit to cultivate the acquaintance of bright young actresses. They amuse him and he amuses them. Their relations are mutually understood and mutually satisfactory.

I know at least half a dozen young ladies of the stage that simply dote on Dickie, but it's all for friendship's sake.

Therefore, I am of the opinion, however much the Duke of Manchester and Anthony Hope may be in love with Miss Barrymore, she understands that Dickie Davis is and can be only a dear, good friend.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont is happy in the possession of a photograph just received from Bloomsbury.

The picture represents the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough as they appeared at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball, and affords no little entertainment to Mrs. Belmont's friends, who study the details of the costumes with great care.

Newport is still talking about an incident that happened at least a fortnight ago. A young man of the village stopped a runaway team and thereby saved the youthful son of one of the wealthy cottagers from injury, if not death.

The lad was grateful. He was profuse in his thanks and asked his preserver to call at the cottage and receive a more substantial reward from his mother, who is one of the most conspicuous leaders of Newport's exclusives.

The townsman did as the boy had asked, but the only thing he got from Madame was a tongue lashing for his impudence, as she expressed it.

When the outcome of the adventure became generally known a subscription was started for the benefit of the rescuer and the sum of \$25 was obtained.

When this was offered to the townsman, however, he refused it, saying that if the service he had rendered was worth anything more to Madame than hard words, he could not possibly think of taking money from people who had no material interest in the rescue.

Belmont has more armor and more music than any other place in Newport.

The collection of the former is a fad with the master of Belmont, and the latter is a diversion in which both Mr. and Mrs. Belmont delight.

The grand organ at Belmont is invisible in a splendid room that is adorned with many suits of armor, two of which are mounted on horseback.

Herman Mitzler, the Belmont organist, is employed by the season, and his daily playing is a treat to the friends of the Belmonts.

Two distinct kicks had their origin in the garden party which the Brices gave in honor of Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart.

The first is that the women outnumbered the men at about ten to one.

The second protest is against the liberty that certain chappies took in coming to the entertainment in bicycle and golf togs.

This sort of thing might do for Saratoga or Long Branch, but for Newport—never!

Bachelors are at such a premium in Newport that the young and handsome ones are courted and pampered until the earth is too small for them.

Two or three that I know have already sprouted wings, or think they have, which amounts to the same thing so far as their bearing to the rest of the world is concerned.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Merry Jester.

"Sh-h-h. See that fellow over there?"

"That black looking one with the big mustache?"

"Yes. What do you think of him?"

"Looks like he had plenty of sand."

"Right you are. That's Lincklin Jim, the famous sandbagger!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I never feel no sympathy with strikers," said Meandering Mike.

"I don't see dat you've got any cause ter blame 'em," replied Plodding Pete.

"Dere ain't no excuse fer 'em," was the emphatic reply. "It's der own actions dat brings 'em to dis. Dey didn't have no business goin' ter work in de first place."—Boston Herald.

"After all," remarked the close observer, "it is not likely that there will be a coal famine."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied the purist. "I should be sorry if persons who eat coal were to be deprived of their sustenance."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"How long since Brokeley settled down here?" asked the stranger in the town.

"I don't know exactly," answered the grocer, "but I know it's high and twenty years since he settled up with me."—Detroit Free Press.

YELLOW FEVER BACILLUS
DESCRIBED BY SANARELLI.

ROME, July 28.—The discovery of the bacillus of yellow fever by Professor Giuseppe Sanarelli, of Montevideo, is regarded in Italy as one of the triumphs of medical art in this century. Professor Sanarelli is an Italian who has lived for several years in the capital of Uruguay. He has just communicated to the Academy of Medicine at Rome a very detailed statement about his discovery, which will be shortly published. Already, however, its substance is fairly well known and is being discussed in the Italian press.

The Professor's studies on yellow fever date from a year and a half ago and have been carried on in the Sanitary Institute of Montevideo, which was built in 1885 under his own direction and was inaugurated on March 16, 1896, with great solemnity by the President of the Republic, Dr. Juan Idiarte Borda. Many ministers and the chief authorities of the town were present. The first work to which the institute devoted itself was the discovery of the etiology and the pathologic nature of yellow fever. The investigations have proved successful. This is how Professor Sanarelli himself describes the bacillus of yellow fever:

"The bacillus is from two to four thousandths of a millimetre, and in general twice as long as broad. It possesses from four to eight vibrating hairs, which make it very active, and it lives quite as much in contact with air as in absence of oxygen. It is possible to cultivate it by the ordinary means by which microbes are nourished, and to produce by its means a very powerful poison called toxine amarilligena. Figure No. 1 represents colonies of the bacilli enlarged sixteen times. Figure No. 2 represents bacilli enlarged a thousand times. Thanks to cultivation in gelatine, it is quite possible to distinguish the bacillus of yellow fever from all other bacilli."

"The bacillus is always found in the blood and in the tissues, which explains the error committed by many doctors who deny the infectious nature of yellow fever. When the bacillus was once discovered experiments were commenced with animals. Cats, dogs, monkeys, horses, rabbits, etc., were inoculated with the virus, and almost all of them which were so treated were attacked with yellow fever. There nevertheless remained the final and greatest proof, at once the most certain and incontestable, namely, that on man. These experiments have been the most important and the most efficacious."

"I know that many people have a repugnance for experiments on the human frame, and I have still a lively recollection of the hypocritical indignation with which were received the earliest triumphs of the great Pasteur with his anti-rabies treatment. Nowadays experiments on human beings continually gain ground, so much the



more that it several times alone suffices to settle problems of incalculable importance. The experiments on human beings have been five in number, and all five have given complete and satisfactory results."

From his experiments Professor Sanarelli concludes that it will be easy to find a remedy against yellow fever.

Genial Jimmy's
Joyful Jamboree.

I MET him for the first time about twenty years ago, which was long before the Terapichorean art in his whiskers. The hand of time had not put the middle-age touches upon him, and yet, though unripe, he was as mellow in spirit as a peach.

Every one liked him. In fact, he was a prime favorite and was sought on all sides, until he became so omnivorous that he could appreciate the esthetic beauties of the humble red herring quite as keenly as those of the patriotic red snapper. People of a speculative, fanciful turn often wondered which was the greater, his thirst or his appetite, while conservative, long-headed judges gave it as their opinion that if the could be brought together in a trotting race the thirst would win in straight heats.

"What is the use of working," remarked Jimmy the Genial, "when one's friends will supply one with the necessities of life?" And soon thereafter he began working upon this plan, which he reduced to an exact science. He knew men not by the company, but by the bottles, they kept, and associated their names with the brands of their liquor and the number of times he could imbibe at their boards without becoming the subject of adverse criticism.

One man, who certainly had a singular idea of the relations of host and guest, said that Jimmy the Genial would never depart until the bottle was empty, and that he would remember that he had an important appointment only when a clothes wringer could not squeeze another drop from the flagon.

He would hunt whiskey like an Indian, and when once on the trail, he was a sure winner. I have known him to meet a man on the street and accompany him in any direction, in the hope of being rewarded with liquid refreshment. One day he started with a friend from the Battery and walked to Forty-second street. The friend had made up his mind that he would walk to the end of his journey. By the time Wall street was reached Jimmy the Genial began to complain of catarrh, and the best liquid for alleviating the same. Then he spoke of drinking fountains and the absurdity of temperance hotels. As the Savarin was nearest he spoke of the kind of drinks that should be indulged in at different times of the year.

"For instance," he exclaimed, pausing at the entrance of the Savarin, "you wouldn't think of drinking a hot Scotch on a scorching day like this, would you?"

"No," said the friend.

"But the same Scotch whiskey with a dash of iced seltzer would be just the thing on this kind of a day, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," replied the friend, moving on, much to the disgust of the King of the Genials, who pulled his beard to a gimlet point, while his face became ashen, like one prancing in the ecstasies of a last hope, which is doomed to be blasted.

"Isn't that a curious looking, squatty sort of a bottle?" said the Genial, attracting the friend's attention to a specimen in a window near Fulton street.

"Very curious indeed."

"That's a peculiar West Indian bottle that always makes me sigh or hot rum."

"It doesn't make you sigh or hot rum on a hot day like this, does it?"

"No, not for hot rum, but a Santa Cruz sour would be just the thing for this kind of a day. I tell you there is not another drink that can touch a Santa Cruz sour



Professor Giuseppe Sanarelli.

For mellifluous rosinness. It is like dreaming in a rainbow."

"It must be very fine," said the friend, moving on slowly, while the Genial coughed a husky cough that plainly indicated the horrible conflict that was raging within.

They walked on in silence, the Genial coughing and expectorating feebly, while his neck became constricted from the incessant thirst which was slowly but surely gaining the upper hand. At Spring street he leaped and said:

"I'm very glad I cleared that yellow dog."

"Which yellow dog?"

"Why that yellow dog I just jumped over."

"You didn't jump over any yellow dog; there wasn't any yellow dog."

"Well, that's singular, to say the least. I'll swear I thought I saw a yellow dog flit by like a living omelette, and the peculiarity of this yellow dog was that he was just like a yellow dog I used to know up in Winsted, Conn. Can you guess what this dog's greatest peculiarity was?"

"No."

"Well, it was this: He had a wild passion for beer; sometimes he would break into a bark trying to blow the foam off this rich imported beer. He would drink beer all day, and that's what made him so yellow. If he could not get yellow beer, he would take the dark. Which do you prefer?"

"I like both."

Here the Genial was sickled over by the pale cast of his disappointment. He seemed a convulsion in repose, while his facial muscles stood forth as if to illustrate the music of his agony.

"It's wonderful how all these places thrive and do such a rushing business," continued the Genial. "Here we are right in front of the Continental, then there's the Fifth Avenue, the Hoffman House, Delmonico's, the Imperial." The names fairly dashed him, while he continued:

"As I said before, here we are at the Continental. Have you seen the great works of art they put in last week. Just imported from Paris at a great expense. No man can afford to say that he hasn't seen them."

"I saw them yesterday."

"And don't you like to look upon these beautiful works of art more than once? Now, I know a man who never fails to look at them, whenever he is in this neighborhood. Sometimes he takes a cocktail, or a fizz, or an absinthe gomme, or a Collins, or any other civilizing drink that happens to strike his fancy. The only way to thoroughly enjoy a great work of art is through a glass tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. Did I understand you to say that you have already seen these new art importations?"

"Yes, I saw them last night," said the friend, who plodded on like an Alpine climber, struggling with his own private thirst, but determined to live to Forty-second street, if nature would stand by him.

At last that point was reached and the host said:

"It's about time to take a drink!"

"I'll take a John Collins!" shouted the Genial before the friend could conclude his remarks, and before they had entered the place.

The expression of peace and joy that combined to light the Genial's face as he looked upward into the glass would have placed the deathless laurel upon the brow of the painter who could have transmuted it to canvas. In the subtle silence of the moment his features shone with a rapturous passion that breathed like the melody of a dream. When the glass was put back upon the bar, the Genial swiftly said:

"Good-by. I had almost forgot that I have an appointment with a man in Forty-third street."

And he fled like a reindeer into the curtains of the gloaming.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

What London
Talks About.

LONDON, July 28.—Something of a contrast in the literature of suicides is furnished by the ante-mortem statements of two people who took the matter of life and death into their own hands in England this week. One letter was found on the body of John Agn, a workman in the engine room of a mill at Armley, Leeds, who committed suicide because, being thrown out of employment and having pawned his wife's jewelry and lost the proceeds on the race track, he was in despair. His letter is direct and to the point, and, while not wanting in sentiment and affection, is merely an effort to excuse himself for his rash act. Agn wrote:

Dear wife, father and mother and all relations—I write you these few lines to bid you good-by. I hope you will forgive me for doing this act. Our Polly has been a good wife to me, but I can never look her in the face again. She has pawned the ring off her finger and all she could pawn for me to horse race, for I believe she would have died for me. Good-by to all. Just one more word before I am still. Dear Polly, I have got a week's notice till the mill the same as all the rest, so I thought I would back some horses to win something to take on, and they have all lost, and I can never face you again. Hoping you will never want, nor the baby—if you have one—and if ever you get wed again that you will get a better husband, I remain, your husband, JOHN AGN.

Good-by, Polly; good-by, Polly.

The other letter was written by Ada Fitzjohn, a sentimental spinster of Nottingham, who conducted a small tobacco shop and read cheap literature behind the counter. It should be borne in mind that she had committed no indiscretions, had many friends and that her business was prosperous. Her mother, to whom she refers in the letter, had been dead several years, and her brother was kind and attentive. Neither was her soul unduly stained with sin, as sons go. In fact, Miss Fitzjohn seems to have committed suicide merely for the sake of the sensation the dead would create among her friends, which, as she necessarily could not be present to enjoy it, indicates a lamentable degree of impracticability on the part of the lady. Her communication, discovered after a dose of opium had done its fatal work, reads thus:

Good-by forever. I have loved you all, forgive me. Do try to be good and gentle and more merciful to those who are alone in the world, weary world in future. Pray for me, and may the merciful God have pity on my sin-stained soul. I have cried till tears are no longer mine, and my agony is great; but, oh, God, pardon me and grant me peace at the last. At least, I have loved my parents, and my brother, will he ever forgive? Will he be merciful to me when I am dead, and my mother, because I have no one down to her memory. Has it been forgotten? No, the best stone that could ever be erected is that I go to her. I cannot live. My heart is there. She has ever been calling me. Grief and suffering have broken my heart. The end is near. God be merciful to me, a sinner. Love and death are one.

The coroner's jury in both instances discovered that the deceased had committed suicide while of unsound mind, which is easier to believe in the case of Miss Fitzjohn than in that of Mr. Agn.

Mysterious stories are being whispered in London business houses about the loss of the Aden. They are to the effect that the fact of the vessel being ashore on Socotra was known to a few merchants who had goods on the ill-fated vessel before the public had any idea of the cause of the ship's delay. The question, of course, arises as to how this information was secured.

The steamer Volante, an oil tank boat, owned by the Messrs. Samuels, of Houndsditch,